

*Montgomery Bell*

# MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Stanley Hathcock  
MBL

1932



PUBLISHED BY  
THE STUDENTS OF  
MONTGOMERY  
BELL —  
ACADEMY

1929 - 30

You Cannot Make the Grade Without Our Clothes

## Society Brand and Glenrock

Ask the Boys That Wear Them

### R. Z. LEVY & SON

223 Fourth Avenue, North

## CONTENTS

	<i>Page</i>
His Father's Son	7
Wedded Bliss	10
Blue Skies	12
Life	16
Opportunity	18
All's Well That Ends Well	27
Song After Sowing	31
Coaloil and Oblithius	32
Beautiful Lady	36
Work	37
Fishing Folk	39
Editorials	42
Senior Class	45
Alumni Notes	47
Locals	51
Exchanges	56
Athletics	57

THE LATEST STYLES AT THE LOWEST PRICES

FACING  
CAPITOL  
BOULEVARD

*Joe Morse & Co*  
Clothiers & Furnishers

619-2:  
CHURC  
STREE

Exclusive Agents for A. G. Spaulding Sporting Goods

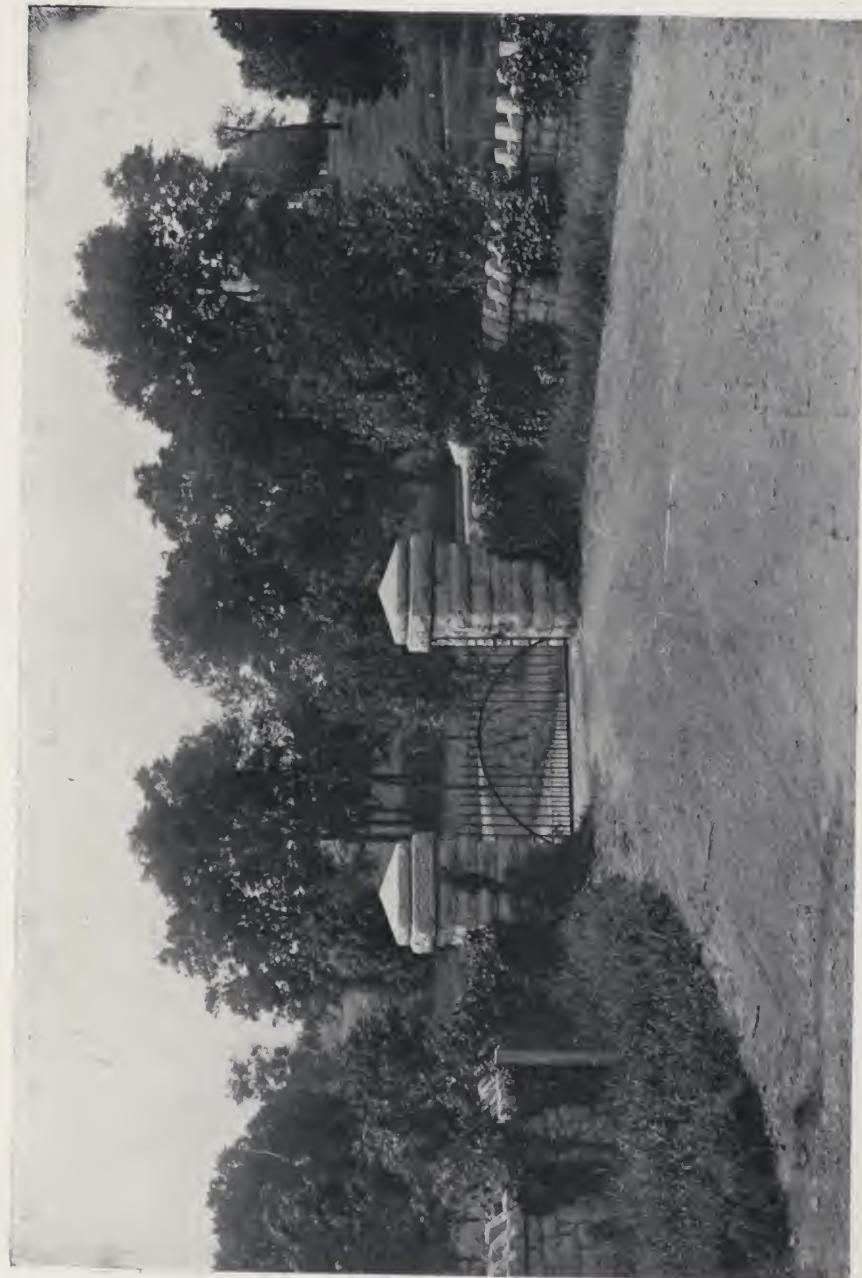
DEDICATION

To

JUDGE ROBERT EWING

---

*In remembrance of faith of long duration  
Of steadfastness and friendship  
Of loyalty and truth*

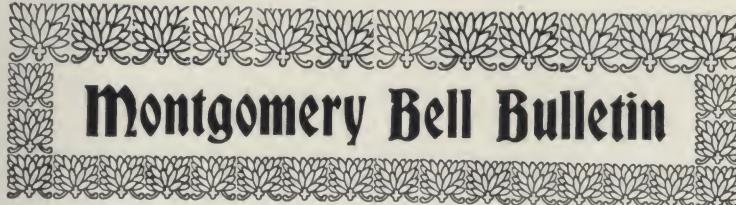


ENTRANCE TO SCHOOL GROUNDS



MAIN BUILDING





# Montgomery Bell Bulletin

Published by the Students of Montgomery Bell Academy, Nashville,  
Tennessee. Price, \$2.00 Per Year.

---

VOL. XXXI

JUNE, 1930

No. 5

---

## His Father's Son

**H**IGH up in the pretentious office building of the Manhattan Bridge Company a verbal battle was being waged. President A. J. Arkwright was close to apoplexy, judging from his purple visage, corded neck and the queer inarticulate noises that struggled for expression in his throat. A. J., Jr., seemed to be having difficulty in restraining his emotions effectively also. The conversation was brought to a dramatic close by A. J., Sr.'s ultimatum.

"You young whippersnapper! If you think that you can lord it over me in any such fashion, you're due for a big surprise. After my sending you to one of the best colleges in the country and paying you out of the Lord knows how many scrapes; then you walk in and calmly tell me that you have decided to follow a literary course and write poetry. Ugh!"

An expression of extreme disgust passed over the elder man's face.

"The son of a steel worker writing poetry! Why my own men would laugh me out of town. Now this is my offer; and if you don't accept, you are cut off without a nickel."

And as young A. J. was far from seeing any pleasure

in leading a life of poverty he forbore any remarks and listened patiently to his irate parent's decision.

"If," he began, "you stay here in Manhattan this summer and work under a fictitious name as a steel worker on this new bridge now under construction, and stick all summer, then if you tell me that you don't like the job, you're free to pursue any course you see fit with financial backing from me."

"That's a good sporting offer, dad, and I'll shake on it. When do I start?"

The next morning at 6:30 young A. J. was conspicuous in a new flannel shirt and corduroy trousers. A flush of excitement rose to his face as he gazed at the momentous spectacle of the broad, majestic Hudson sweeping irresistibly onward; the network of steel looked as if it were etched against the sky as it hung suspended over the mighty river. Signs of activity brought him to earth as the day's work started getting under way. A. J. betook himself to the office of the superintendent and, introducing himself as Tom Jones, applied for a job. The "supe" took his name, his address, and assigned him the job of riveter's helper.

"Thirty-five dollars a week," he explained, and Tom readily agreed to these terms.

The day's work was not what one would attempt to describe in detail, but needless to say Tom was a mass of aches and blisters when the final whistle blew. The sun had done its work when he had removed his heavy shirt, and the places where white-hot rivets had seared his hands were aiding materially to make life miserable for him.

Day after day there was the same routine of work, but by the time that six weeks had slipped by with Tom Jones still on the pay roll you could not have recognized him. Six weeks of hard manual labor will sometimes work wonders in both physical and mental attitudes. As to Tom Jones' physical appearance, you first had to look under a deep coat of tan to see the bulging muscles that hard work and regular hours had shaped for him. His mental attitude toward his work was easily discerned through his

eyes, and they shone with a clear light that could come only through perfect health and a love for his work.

It was at this opportune time that President A. J. Arkwright decided on a tour of inspection. As the chauffeur drove him down his thoughts were turned to his son. A part of the bargain had been that young A. J. was to live apart from home during his try at the bridge work, and consequently A. J., Sr., was anxious to see how his son was standing the gaff. On his arrival the superintendent greeted him cordially and immediately arranged a tour of inspection to have him taken over the work. The trip was one of delight for the president of the Manhattan Bridge Company, as he was a dyed-in-the-wool bridge man himself and had built himself up from the lowest position to the highest by dint of hard work. The two neared a group of workmen that were engaged in a particularly hard piece of work. The "supe" walked up to a young man with his back to them and, taking him by the arm, turned him around.

"Tom, I want you to meet the president of this wonderful piece of work, Mr. Arkwright. Mr. Arkwright, this is Tom Jones, our newly appointed foreman of this job. I have never in twenty years of bridge work seen any one as interested in bridge building as this young man."

Something in the eyes of the two must have stopped him, for at that moment President Arkwright uttered a loud exclamation: "Tom Jones, hell! This is my son!"

The older man put his arm around the younger's shoulder and the two walked off talking excitedly. The astonished "supe" looked at the retreating forms, scratched his head, and gave to the world a piece of his philosophy: "A chip off the old block." BILL HARDIN, '31.

## Wedded Bliss

**I**SAIAH JONES was walking on air! Hadn't Louise Brown, the sweetest little piece of chocolate fudge in Blackbottom, promised to become Mrs. Isaiah Jones? Our dusky friend was walking jauntily down Cedar Street contemplating the coming event, when to his great delight he bumped into his old rival, Sam Croyden.

"Hi, dere, Sam!" began Isaiah. "Boy, Ah sho' has put de skids undah yo' dis time. Ah reckon yo' has hered about me an' Louise gittin' marri'd nex' Monday?"

"Well, Isaiah," Sam came back, "we has had some splendific arguments, but yo' has won at las', so I hopes yo' all has all de good luck in de worl'."

This rather stumped Isaiah. He had expected this to rile Sam more than it did.

"Well," mumbled Isaiah, Ah's gotta git to wo'k. Mis-tuh Zill wan's me ter take dem fun'al chaiahs down to de Lily White Baptis' church so dey will be dar fo' de weddin'."

The rest of the week dragged by for Isaiah; it seemed that Monday would never come. In fact, I doubt if he could have survived those four days had it not been for the excitement of three funerals, a murder and a carnival show.

At last the anticipated day arrived. One of those typical Nashville drizzles, described so expertly by the late O. Henry, prevailed.

"Doggone!" exclaimed Isaiah. "It do look lak it would quit dis heah rainin' till ah gits marr'ed; but what diff'rence do it make, long as me an' Louise is gittin' wedded?"

"The weddin'" was set for high noon, but owing to the fact that the canvas intended for the aisle of the church had to be put over the hole in the roof, the event was held up for two hours.

Isaiah was in a nervous panic and Louise was little better off. To add to the discomfort of the situation, a dis-

pute arose between Louise's brother and uncle as to who should give the bride away. This argument was settled in favor of the uncle, because of the dignity his long white beard would add to the ceremony.

Finally the wedding began; and after a long intonation by the Rev. Hema Zill and a panicky search for an elusive wedding ring, Isaiah and Louise were pronounced man and wife.

While the happy couple was contemplating the proposal of postponing their honeymoon through the West End and Belle Meade section in one of Mr. Hema Zill's big limousines until more clement weather, Isaiah noticed a group of men talking among themselves.

"Who is dem men, honey?" asked Isaiah. "Dey wan't invited to de weddin'."

"Ah knows dat, honey," returned his bride. "Dey is de men what ah owes money to, an' since yo' is mah husban', black boy, yo' is infracted a debt of fo' hundred an' eighty-fo' dollahs."

Isaiah blew up!

I don't think it was the thought of Louise's debt so much as it was the horse laugh Sam Croyden gave him that made him see red; but nevertheless Isaiah has sixty days to pay, manicuring the county roads for riotous and disorderly conduct.

JIMMY KRANZ, '30.



hotel to dress and eat. Ray was going to have something out at his apartment that night—bridge or poker. He came by at seven-thirty and they rode out in his car.

"Well," Ray said, "how you been coming, son?"

"O. K. How's everything?"

"O. K., too."

"How do you like Knoxville?" Rust asked.

"Fair. Leila doesn't, though. Too slow."

"How's Leila? All right?" Simpson asked. He knew Leila.

"Yeah."

They drew up before a two-story stucco apartment and walked up to the second floor. Leila heard them coming and came out to meet them.

Ray said: "You know Simp, Leila. This is Bill Rust, from Roanoke."

"Glad to know you, Bill," Leila said. "Hi, Simp."

She was a blonde, little, and not particularly striking.

They went into a small living room that was glaring with electric light bulbs. The walls were cream colored; there was an antique couch, two or three chairs, and scores of ash trays around and a slender mirror.

Ray and Leila went back into the kitchen to mix up some drinks. Simpson flopped on the couch and Rust looked out of the window.

It was not much of a view; a wide graveled space for cars, backyards, a side street, a garden or two, and, farther down the block, a group of stores. It had become quite dark by now, though, and the effect was rather pleasing.

Rust went back to see about the drinks. Leila was just bringing them in when he got to the door. Ray brought out some cakes and they all ate and drank.

"How do you like R. T. Co., Bill?" asked Leila.

"Fine."

"What do you say to some bridge?"

"Suits me fine. Out with the table, somebody."

They were starting a game when some one knocked at the door and a couple came in.

"Hi," said Leila. "Bob, Mr. Lane; Sara, Mrs. Lane. These two are Bill Rust and Simp Simpson. They're with R. T. Co., too."

Ray got up and led them around to Rust and Simpson. He had a quart of gin left so every one went to the kitchen to watch Bob make a gin fizz. He really knew how it was done. He used up all the little cubes of ice there were in the electric refrigerator. Six pale green glasses were set out on the table and he poured the snowy foam into them. Every one took a charge. Rust was feeling pretty good. They all spoke at the same time and as loudly as they could.

After a while Leila and Sara got to talking together and the four men got the game going again. It was hot in the room and the bright lights and heavy smoke caused headaches. Ray won three dollars and gave it to Leila. Rust lost fifty-five cents.

At twelve-thirty the party broke up.

Ray drove Simpson and Rust back to the hotel. Besides thanks, they didn't say much. The top on Ray's car was down and the wind was cold. As they rode on Rust could feel the fizz passing away in the chill.

### III

When he was back in his room Rust decided to take a bath. He lay for a long time in the hot water. There was something comfortable and almost homelike about a hotel bathroom, always bright and warm. Outside the small black square of window was a strange city busy with its own affairs and blind to those who didn't know it well.

He decided that he wanted to write a letter. He put on his pajamas and sat at the desk with some white sheets of hotel paper before him. It was a long time since he had written any letters; he seemed to have lost connections. Now he couldn't think of any one to write to, desperately as he needed to do so. He took the pen and scrawled the word 'Roanoke' on a blank sheet. He looked at it, then crumpled it up and dropped it on the floor.

He turned off the light and got into bed. Once he awoke and didn't realize where he was. The room was full of blue shadows and the windows were vague and indistinct. Somehow he thought it was his old room at the university. A curtain billowed, and then he came to and felt tears in his eyes.

#### IV.

The next day was bright and sunny. Rust and Simpson got up at nine and left for Atlanta. They had breakfast in the grille and then went to the garage and got the dusty Chevrolet with an Ohio license plate.

The town was soon far behind. It was the beginning of the autumn of the year. Along the road they occasionally passed yellow trees and ditches filled with sere leaves. Rust was driving.

Simpson said: "Well, that's Knoxville finished with."

"Yeah. Ray sure treated us rather nice, though."

"Sure did."

"Well, Atlanta's next."

Rust shoved the car ahead to sixty miles an hour which was good for it to be doing easily. At about noon they entered Chattanooga and got something to eat; then they crossed into Georgia and the land became wider, smoother and more quiet. They passed red clay banks along the way and tall brown weeds and grasses that bordered on the dusty road.

They shifted and again Simpson took up his song: "Blue skies . . . smiling at me."

J. M. PHILLIPS, JR., '30.

### Life

HE sunbeams played lazily on the still water and the cool breeze rustled the heavy foliage of the trees that bordered the bank of the lazy flowing stream. Two fishing poles were stuck in the mud on the bank. The corn cob floats made small nervous ripples as they turned with the breeze. Lying on the cool ground not far from the poles, looking through the tattered brim of

his straw hat at the blue sky and floating clouds, was a freckle-faced boy of twelve years. One knee was across the other and one toe was stuck deep in the mud, while the other was turned toward the sky.

Cool breezes played tricks with prodigal leaves which landed on the still water. Occasionally the thick leaves were rustled by the mother birds as they darted for their homes. Far above in the heavens a crow leisurely floated.

The boy on the bank slowly moved and looked at his poles. He lay there motionless as the dope of the summer day and of nature slowly worked on him. His mind became thoroughly drunk from the view of the blue sky, and as his eye became fixed on the crow up in the heavens he became a great aviator. His mind worked, as all boys' minds do when they are intoxicated with the balmy dope of a summer day. He became an aviator of national fame. He was praised far and wide. He was also generous with his fame. War broke out, and he became a general, and with his plane he won the war. His mind was in the completely drunken state of dreams. He made millions of dollars and built cities. He had ships and trains all his own. He gave his family all that human life could desire. He became a great political leader and reformed the whole nation. He was elected President.

As this great character lived his life of greatness shadows slowly played their way across the river and mixed with the shadows of the opposite bank; the breeze became quicker and a few fleecy clouds gathered while the azure slowly became scarlet. The hero slowly arose, gathered his poles, and started westward.

This great man in the gathering dusk walked straight and fast, and while thoughts of greatness and praise still played pranks with his mind, suddenly this great aviator, this great war hero, this great financier, this great philanthropist, this great political reformer, this great President stumped his toe and became only a freckled-faced country lad with a tattered hat and a couple of insignificant catfish.

THOMAS SNEED, '30.

## Opportunity

**J**ONATHAN HOBBS sat placidly and contentedly behind the big desk in the office of the American Steel Co., perched, as usual, on the high chair that was necessary to bring his slight frame to the required level. Jonathan had been at this same desk for ten years and mused with pride upon the record and results he had made and produced. His errors could be counted on your fingers, to hear him tell it, taking only a few minutes to adjust the minorities. Only once had he been absent from office on a scheduled working day and that was the time he got lost in the park, being rained on and chilled, which caused something near pneumonia. But that piece of misfortune kept Jonathan away only one day. The second morning he appeared, looking half dead, bundled up like an Eskimo and with an evil smelling cloth wrapped around his neck that threatened him extinction from the numerous other employes laboring in the same office with Jonathan.

Thus it is easy to gather the impression Jonathan would make on his associates in the office. His reserved, almost timid, manner gave to his small, sharp features a clandestine air that, although deserved, was no more intended than a tired person would indicate that he was lazy, although he might appear as such. He could never be open, more for fear of disinterestedness than anything else, not being a mixer, and he had failed to grasp the few opportunities he had had of going out a bit and getting acquainted. In short, Jonathan was in the clutches of an inferiority complex that held him so tightly that he had to labor at times for breath.

Once Sally Bains, who worked across the aisle from Jonathan, happened to glance at him when he had one of his few dreamy spells—he seldom had time for many—and saw a look in his staring eyes that almost startled her. It created a strong interest in the romantic breast of Sally and she watched closely for days afterwards for

another such indicator. Her vigilance, however, went unrewarded, and after a short while she forgot and Jonathan went unnoticed thereafter by a once willing young lady. And so it was. Not from the lack of opportunity did he suffer, but from his own acquired or may be forced state.

Jonathan never changed much. One night when he was working late, which he always did at the end of each month, he was thinking of his record and the way he kept his books arranged and of his securely entrenched position in the office of the American Steel Co. Jonathan really enjoyed these nights at the office. In the solitude and quietness he had time to do a little more dreaming if he felt inclined, and then he could look around the empty office and from his elevated position feel an air of propriety and importance that was unattainable during the day when the office was infested with the numerous busy-bodies. Here, by himself, he seemed to have more confidence, an easier conception of that dream world he so often visited.

Then he had finished the books and had everything in ship-shape order, Jonathan leisurely turned out the lights, put on his coat and in the same manner walked to the door and stepped out into a pleasantly warm evening. The office was two blocks from the car line in a semi-isolated manufacturing district and only two people were in sight, walking slowly from the car line toward the office which Jonathan was just leaving. Never a suspicious person, Jonathan took no special notice of this pair, but turned nonchalantly and closed the office door, inserted the key in the lock and turned it. During this operation Jonathan failed to notice the quickened steps of the two pedestrians, and when he turned he looked surprised and bewildered into the muzzles of two very dangerous looking guns.

"All right, buddy, I'll take charge of that key," the closer rasped out in menacing tones, and with a "Be good, and you won't get hurt," he pushed Jonathan roughly aside and opened the door while the other one covered Jonathan with his gun.

Hustled quickly back into the office, Jonathan was so

overcome by the sudden turn of events that he was speechless and unable to collect himself.

Losing no time, and seeming to know the office perfectly, the man who had taken the key from Jonathan locked the door from the inside and walked directly to the safe which stood behind Jonathan's desk. The captive and the partner, the latter keeping his pistol stuck impressively into the small of Jonathan's back, followed silently.

"That's the way to act; keep it up and everything will be all right," he put in, encouragingly.

Jonathan did not make a reply; he was still too distorted by his predicament, and stood by silently and non-resistingly while the two burglars executed their job.

Moving silently and swiftly, the one who had opened the door piled numerous cushions found in the office and also some chairs in front of the safe door while the other still kept Jonathan covered. When this was finished, the one guarding Jonathan kneeled in front of the safe and extracted a small bottle from the pocket of his coat. Taking also from his pocket a long, thin stick wrapped sparingly on one end with cotton, which was twisted to a point, he applied in the cracks around the door a fluid from the bottle. Jonathan guessed this to be nitro-glycerine, having read stories of similar operations. Meanwhile the other one watched Jonathan, at the same time glancing through the windows for any possible hindrance.

After finishing the saturation of the cracks, the robber at the safe inserted a small wire into the cracks and pushed it through a few inches. Extending the wire, he moved to the side of the safe, which Jonathan was bidden do also, and connected the wire to a small battery that was included in his pocket supply.

During the short lapse of time before the explosion, Jonathan was able to get his best view of the pair. The lights from the street shed enough light through the windows to afford him a close and accurate observation.

Both of them were well dressed and smooth appearing, with regular features. The one at the safe was decidedly

taller than the other, whose slight frame, about the size of Jonathan's, had a look of wiriness that was usual in men of his type and profession. The smaller one had a coarse voice that worked in perfect harmony with his frame. The taller one did not have the least appearance of a burglar, having a smooth voice and a countenance that gave no evidence of the life he was following. There were no physical deformities in sight, but Jonathan had noted them well and would be able to give the police full details concerning their appearance.

A dull crack interrupted Jonathan's scrutinizing and he saw the door fall off on the cushions of his drawers. It had taken less than five minutes to finish everything. The swiftly moving affair still held Jonathan spellbound, and he could only marvel at the adept way in which the business was handled. Beside the door the only visible effects of an explosion was a thin wisp of blue smoke, but this quickly dissolved in the air. Not a word had been spoken, hardly a sound made.

Immediately after the door came off the small wiry fellow went to the safe and began rifling the contents, taking some cash and leaving various papers and checks. After rummaging through the papers to the bottom, he pulled out a long, flat looking parcel. Jonathan realized, with a suddenness that caused him to jump, the contents of this package. The bonds! He remembered now the boss had left them there that evening, it being too late to take them to the bank. Good God! this was terrible!

Noticing the tense movement, the small one raised his gun and jerking out a warning about getting funny, moved over and shoved Jonathan toward the door, pocketing the valuable articles while moving down the aisle. The other one followed closely behind.

"Stay here, Bill, and I'll get the car," the leader said, unlocking the door.

"O. K., but make it snappy," was the reply that came from behind Jonathan.

He walked briskly down to the next corner and returned a few seconds later in a low, racy looking car. Jonathan's guardian pushed him out of the door to meet him. Jonathan looked up and down the street; not a cop in sight. Any other night they would have been strolling by long before now.

"Where are you taking me?" Jonathan asked nervously, finally finding his tongue.

"Only a few miles in the country; then we'll turn you loose." This again came from the smaller one who seemed to be the spokesman for the two. "Just don't try anything funny and you'll be safe," he added.

Jonathan was put in the back and the tall, dapper one lashed his wrists with a small rope taken from the seat, probably brought along for such an emergency. This done, Jonathan was made to lean back in one corner in a reclining position and give the appearance of riding naturally. The two partners sat up front.

The car was driven quietly but speedily away and Jonathan found himself being whisked through the district that he knew so well and where he had worked so long.

The car turned towards the suburbs and Jonathan was borne along through crowds, sitting in the seat as though he were a mere passenger.

But this gave him an opportunity to realize fully the situation that had been forced upon him. Here he was being driven along by two men who had robbed the safe of the company that employed him. And suddenly he realized again the significance of the bonds. No telling how much they were worth. Gosh, the boss would be mad! And his record, his enviable record, it would be ruined! And then his being alone; they might suspect him; he might lose his job! Jonathan became frantic at this last thought; he must get loose some way. His foot kicked a metal object on the floor of the car; a wild thought seized him and he strained at the leash around his wrists. It gave a little! Maybe he could make it!

and then Jonathan somehow managed to call the boss and give him a few details that caused that worthy to rush down immediately.

"Did they get the bonds?" he asked excitedly before hanging up.

"Yes, but they are safe," Jonathan answered faintly.

Bursting through the door on his arrival, the boss blurted out, "The bonds! where are they?"

"The small fellow has them," Jonathan answered, pointing toward the sullen and now dejected burglar.

The loot was retrieved without any loss, and after a hasty examination the owner gave vent to a genuine sigh of relief.

"These bonds were valuable, Jonathan. You did a good piece of work when you saved them," he said warmly.

Jonathan's wound was bandaged and, realizing his condition, Jonathan was driven home by an admiring employer after going by the office for a few minutes for a brief explanation to an army of investigators and newspapermen.

It was a tired but again proud Jonathan that alighted from his boss's car in the early hours of the morning. With a few words of praise and a command for him not to come to the office before noon, the boss left him.

Now partly recovered from the trying experience and beginning to feel the strain of the night's activities, Jonathan lost no time in going to sleep and dreaming of robbers and enviable records and other things that were for his dreams only.

Sleeping soundly until noon, Jonathan arose and went about his routine as usual; the only difference was that it was a few hours later. Even the landlady had not noticed it, because the maid did not clean the room until afternoon.

On the way to work next morning, Jonathan reflected upon his unusual experience. The details covering the scuffle just before the wreck were dim and hazy. He could hardly imagine himself doing the things he had done. But Jonathan did realize clearly that it was the fear of suspi-

cion and of losing his job that had spurred him on. He shuddered when he thought of what would have happened if he had failed in halting the thieves. He would have to keep his work up to the minute and work a little harder at the end of the month so that he could discontinue the night work. It was too dangerous.

The office had been in an uproar all morning. Every one had been neglecting his work to go over and take another look at the burglarized safe before it was taken away and replaced with a new and bigger one. Numerous explanations had been made, but nobody could get it straight, and the crowd was impatiently awaiting Jonathan's arrival.

Upon nearing the office Jonathan heard the steady hum of conversation and hesitated. He knew they were discussing the events of the night before, for the promiscuous noise-making was missing and in its place resounded the buzz of excited conversation. But he knew he had to face it, so it might as well be now as later. And then there was work to do. He would have to work hard in order to get his books finished by quitting time.

As he opened the door the talking suddenly ceased. Jonathan had a queer, embarrassed feeling. Then some one yelled, "There's the hero!" and the tension was snapped. Jonathan was besieged by a curious and admiring crowd of humanity. With difficulty he managed to push through to his desk, and there under pressure of a barrage of questions he gave, as best he could a detailed account of the robbery.

Sitting above the crowd on his high chair, Jonathan was the center of attraction for the first time since he had been in the office. He was, in truth, the hero of the day. After finishing the story, which held an interested crowd through its exciting course, and this without any effort on the part of Jonathan, a few of the gang hung around, asking questions which Jonathan answered as best he could.

And Sally Bains, across the aisle, smiled sweetly and flattered him with a few expert compliments that caused a faint glow to envelope the section immediately behind

Jonathan's ears. Gee, but Sally was a sweet girl! He would like to know her better. Maybe take her out some time. But of course he could not do that very well, because she was used to going to a lot of places and with a lot of sporty fellows that he could never be like. And Jonathan never did. Smile as she might and do what she would, Sally could not succeed in bringing him out of his shell.

After a few months the robbery was rarely mentioned any more, and the hero settled resignedly and easily back into ignominy once more. The boys rarely stopped at his desk for a chat now. He was really too busy most of the time and not very encouraging to conversation, so they just stopped their efforts also. Sally Bains did not make herself very prominent these days, either. Jonathan never gave her the least bit of encouragement or the faintest idea that he liked her or wanted to know her better, or anything, so she gave it up as hopeless and favored Jonathan with only a passing interest after that.

But through it all Jonathan worked diligently, never forgetting his record and gleaned a sense of satisfaction from this. There was no visible reflection on his still placid countenance, yet there were numerous times when he relaxed into his coveted dreams and thought of many ideal things, and still clearly the robbery of a few months before. And there was Sally across the aisle, whom he had not the nerve even to smile at occasionally, much less go to see her. But then, coming out of these dreams, he would suddenly remember his job, the work to be done, and bury himself in the ignoble depths of his big books.

FRED LUCAS, '31.



## All's Well That Ends Well

IEUT. JOHN MATHEW'S heart was bitter. So was his temper. He had seen the girl he loved in another man's arms. She was a Red Cross nurse in the emergency hospital two miles to the rear of the squadron, and the man was one of his best friends. John had not known that Lieutenant Harte had even known Sylvia. But now—. He returned to his bunk and threw himself down on it. So that was the kind of girl she was —any man's girl. He buried his head in his arms as tears came to his eyes.

The next morning at mess Lieutenant Harte came over to him. He had a smile on his face. "I have something to see you about," he began pleasantly.

"Nothing you have to say would interest me," returned Lieut. John Mathews hotly, as he left the mess hall.

Several hours later Lieutenant Mathews, hearing a motor roar, went to the window and looked out. A spad was on the starting line and a figure was about to enter it. It was Lieutenant Harte. John wondered where he was going. It was not time for patrol duty and no enemy planes were in sight. He finally dismissed it from his mind and gave himself up to thoughts of Sylvia.

Two hours later an orderly appeared before him and announced that the Colonel desired to see him. John wondered what the Colonel could possibly want with him, although he was not long in finding out. The Colonel came straight to the point.

"Lieutenant Mathews," he said, "I sent Lieutenant Harte on a mission a short while ago, but it is evident he has failed. I wanted him to find out if any artillery was around B——. He has been gone two hours now and I'm afraid——" The Colonel did not finish.

"Yes, sir," said John, a dull gleam in his grey eyes.

The Colonel hesitated a second or two, then continued: "I want you to take this mission now."

"Yes, sir," returned John, and with a stiff salute he departed.

Five minutes later a fighting scout was winging on its way over the lines towards B—. Anti-aircraft bursts filled the air about the plane as the German gunners sighted it. The Newport kept straight on as if on a pleasure jaunt instead of being in the midst of flying iron and steel. Another half hour of flying brought the Newport over B—. Its pilot eagerly scanned the shell-wrecked town and the land surrounding it. What was that shining thing among the trees? The plane dropped to a lower altitude. Guns! There were at least ten field pieces—heavy guns, German make. The pilot zoomed his scout up to a safer distance as the rattle of machine bullets came to him.

"Well, I guess I might as well be getting back," he muttered. "I have all the information necessary."

He had gotten several miles from B— when, on looking over the side of his craft, he discovered what he took to be a plane in a small clearing in a forest. His curiosity got the better of him, and he went lower to see what kind of craft it was. He got a shock when he discovered it was an American plane. Then he got a look at the insignia on the fuselage. Lieutenant Harte's plane! Suddenly his heart turned cold and his blood chilled. The man who had held Sylvia in his arms! He whipped his Newport around and started to head for home once more. But—what would Sylvia say. It would break her heart. That she loved Lieutenant Harte there was no doubt in John's mind. Then, too, he could not leave a comrade in the hands of the enemy. He kicked the left rudder and banked the ship around again. As he neared the grounded ship he noticed that no one was in the cockpit, also that the machine gun was missing. Suddenly shots rang out, followed by a short burst of machine-gun fire. Ten figures dashed out in the open from out of the forest. Five fell; the others turned back. John did not lose any time in landing his ship close to the other. As he taxied up he

"Yes, sir," returned John, and with a stiff salute he departed.

Five minutes later a fighting scout was winging on its way over the lines towards B—. Anti-aircraft bursts filled the air about the plane as the German gunners sighted it. The Newport kept straight on as if on a pleasure jaunt instead of being in the midst of flying iron and steel. Another half hour of flying brought the Newport over B—. Its pilot eagerly scanned the shell-wrecked town and the land surrounding it. What was that shining thing among the trees? The plane dropped to a lower altitude. Guns! There were at least ten field pieces—heavy guns, German make. The pilot zoomed his scout up to a safer distance as the rattle of machine bullets came to him.

"Well, I guess I might as well be getting back," he muttered. "I have all the information necessary."

He had gotten several miles from B— when, on looking over the side of his craft, he discovered what he took to be a plane in a small clearing in a forest. His curiosity got the better of him, and he went lower to see what kind of craft it was. He got a shock when he discovered it was an American plane. Then he got a look at the insignia on the fuselage. Lieutenant Harte's plane! Suddenly his heart turned cold and his blood chilled. The man who had held Sylvia in his arms! He whipped his Newport around and started to head for home once more. But—what would Sylvia say. It would break her heart. That she loved Lieutenant Harte there was no doubt in John's mind. Then, too, he could not leave a comrade in the hands of the enemy. He kicked the left rudder and banked the ship around again. As he neared the grounded ship he noticed that no one was in the cockpit, also that the machine gun was missing. Suddenly shots rang out, followed by a short burst of machine-gun fire. Ten figures dashed out in the open from out of the forest. Five fell; the others turned back. John did not lose any time in landing his ship close to the other. As he taxied up he

heard his name called, and on looking closer he saw Lieutenant Harte under the ship with his machine gun before him and blood streaming from his face. He quickly leaped out of his plane and was at the side of the other in a second. "God, old man! What happened? You've got a nasty gash there!"

"I'm afraid it's about all up with me, John," said Lieutenant Harte painfully. "Those critters rushed me every time I tried to fix my plane. Gas line out of order. Almost got me once," he said, indicating the wound on his head. "Watch out! Here they come again!" John lifted Lieutenant Harte quickly but gently to one side and then dropped behind the machine gun. He pulled the trigger. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat! Several men fell, but the others kept on coming. They began shooting now. Crack, crack! Something red hot scraped his side. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat! More men went down. Eight men left, almost on the run. Rat-a-tat-tat-tat! Three more went down. Crack, crack! Two more went down under Lieutenant Harte's revolver fire. One Hun was lunging with a bayonet. Crack! Lieutenant Harte stopped another. John grabbed the fallen rifle with bayonet attached and lunged at one of the Huns that had started for his buddy. The steel caught the German in the neck before he could bring his bayonet into play. He uttered a horrible gurgling sound as blood poured out of the wound and mouth and fell backward before John could draw the bayonet out. The remaining Hun swung his rifle at John, but caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder. John winced with pain as he was knocked from his feet. The German leaped in to finish him, but had not reckoned on a remaining shot in Lieutenant Harte's automatic. Crack! He went sprawling.

Suddenly from the forest arose shouts—more Germans! Quickly John lifted Lieutenant Harte up and carried him to the Newport. Luckily he had left his engine idling, and it took him but a minute to put him in the cockpit and climb in after him. He glanced over to the edge of the forest.

Here they came. At least thirty Germans running like mad, waving their rifles. Lieutenant Mathews gave her the gas, and soon the powerful little Newport was racing across the clearing. He pulled back on the joy stick, a little sharply to escape the trees. To the Germans on the ground it looked as if the Newport was going straight up. Indeed it was the stiffest climb that craft had ever been put to. John let out a little sigh as the plane cleared the trees by several inches. Then his face took on a hardened look and he banked around swiftly. The Germans evidently guessed his intention, for with hoarse cries they rushed towards the forest. But too late! John pulled the trigger and a stream of tracer bullets fell among the Germans. He raked them with steel mercilessly. As John zoomed away he left a scattered heap of dead and dying men lying about the field. He looked at Lieutenant Harte lying back in the seat beside him, his face covered with blood. As he looked the Lieutenant opened his eyes and turned his head around. "I want to thank you, old man," he said. "You came just in time. Those beggars sure would have got me."

"Oh forget it," said John. His mind was occupied with other thoughts.

"Say," exclaimed Lieutenant Harte, "why didn't you tell me you knew Sylvia? She talks about you all the time."

John turned in amazement. Then his face hardened. Lieutenant Harte noticed this; then his face took on an amused look. "You know, I bet you saw Sylvia and myself last night. That's why you cut me short at mess the other morning. Well, I've got two confessions to make to you. First, my name is not Harte; it is White. I got into some trouble a year or two ago and went under an assumed name. Second, Sylvia is my sister." He paused to see what effect this would have on John.

John sat dazed. Sylvia Lieutenant Harte's sister! No, his name was not Harte; it was White.

"I just saw her a day or two ago for the first time in years," continued Lieutenant White. "I was going to tell you at mess, but you went out."

"Your sister!" repeated John, "and I thought—"  
He did not finish, but a look of happiness spread over  
his handsome face. He was extremely happy that he had  
rescued Lieutenant Harte. FRANK PENICK, '31.



## Song After Sowing

The deep brown furrows cross the hills;  
The deep clear sky with darkness fills;  
The dark earth holds the tender seeds.

All day the fields were torn and plowed;  
All day eyes searched the sky for cloud;  
The dark earth holds the tender seeds.

The poplar leaves were gray and still;  
The rain-cloud gathered past the hill;  
The dark earth holds the tender seeds.

Soon, soon will come the soft warm rain;  
Soon, soon will come the thin green grain;  
The dark earth holds the tender seeds.

All night the rain will steep the land;  
All night the rain will sweep the land;  
The dark earth holds the tender seeds.

J. M. PHILLIPS, JR., '30.

## Coaloil and Oblithius

**S**AY, Coaloil, we is gotta finda place to sleep t'night. See doze clouds, an' listen to dat wind! Hit's sho' gonna rain."

"Yea, you is right; dat sho' am some wind. Is dat a house on dat hill? See, way up on de top of dat hill! Let's go up an' try to git a place up dere to sleep. We might find some barn or som'pin."

"Well, I guess we might as well. We been bum'in' ovah dis country fer nigh on two weeks now, an' I'se tired o' sleepin' in fields an' woods. But, say, Coaloil, I wondah what people want to live 'way out heah fo'. Dat house sho do look spooky t' me. All alone up here on dat high hill; not a sign of any trees. It sho' beats me."

"Same here, Oblithius, but we can't stay out in de rain. Now heah's what we will do. We will go up to de house an' you go up on de porch an' knock. When de people come to de doah, yo' ask if we kin stay somewhars around, an'—"

"Whoa dere, Coaloil, what's yo' goin' to do while I'se knockin'? Dat don't sound like what 'we' is goin' to do. It's all 'I'."

"Now don't go worry 'bout me, Oblithius; I'se gonna stand out by de gate an' watch fo' dogs."

"But, Coaloil, I jest couldn't let yo' take dat chance, lookin' fo' dogs. Let me watch fo' them an' you do de knockin'."

"Dere yo' go ag'in. Always watchin' out fo' yo' friend. But I jest couldn't let yo' do it. Jest think! a dog might bite yo'. No, yo' go up an' knock an' ask dem what I done told yo'. What yo' waitin' fo'? Go on. Dat's right!"

"Oh, Coaloil!"

"I'se heah; what yo' want?"

"Dey don't answer. I'se knocked till mah hand is sore."

"All right; wait a minute. I'll come up here."

"Wal, hurry up; I don't like dis place. It looks too lonely."

"Gosh, Oblithius, I don't believe anybody lives heah. It sho' looks deserted on de inside. It would be a good place to spend de night. What's de matter? Yo' is lookin' pale."

"Oh, nothin', Coaloil, 'cept I jest don't crave dis heah house fo' a bunk house. It sho' gives me de creeps. B-r-r!"

"Aw, shut up dat kind o' talk. You know' dere ain't nothin' in dat house to hurt ya."

"Wal, all right, but yo' has got to go in fust. I knows dat fo' a fact; I ain't goin' in no place like dis first."

"Well, come on, follow me. But be sho' yo' don't desert me, 'cause—well, jest 'cause. Come on."

"Golly, but it sho' am dark in heah. Got a match? Thanks. Ah, dat's better. Dere sho' ain't nobody livin' heah. Dar ain't a thing in dis room. Let's see if we kin find anything upstairs. Is yo' comin'?"

"Wal, Coaloil, mah heart am sayin', 'Go on wid him; he is yore friend; don't back out on him.' But my feet is sayin', 'Is yo' crazy, nigger? Don't yo' know som'pin 'ill git yo'?' Let's git out o' heah. Coaloil, mah fet is winnin'; let's git out o' heah. It ain't healthy."

"Now listen, Oblithius, here ain't anything goin' to hurt yo', an' yo' know it. Quit all dat silly talkin' an' come on."

"Wal, all right; I'se comin'."

"Gosh, it's only a attic up heah. I thought dere would be some rooms up heah. Why, what's dat ovah dar?"

"I don't know, Coaloil, an' I don't want to. Let's git out o' heah."

"Look, Oblithius, a bed, an' mattress an' blankets an' all. Ise in favor of usin' dat bed; it sho' looks real. Dat's de first bed I seen since we started out. Say, listen to dat wind and rain; it sho' am raisin' Cain!"

"Yeah, but if we is goin' to bed, let's git ready. I is so tired I could sleep on a bed of nails. Dat bed does look good, don't it?"

Crash! Crash!

Silence.

"C-Coaloil, did yo' heah dat?"

"I—I—I did! W—What do yo' think it was?"

"C—Coaloil, I is goin' to git out o' heah. I can't stand dis place any longer. Let's go."

"Oblithius, is yo' crazy? Don't yo' know dat noise came from downstairs, an' dat's de only way we got to git out o' here? Use yo' head, nigger. Use yo' head."

"But-t-t s-suppose it t-tries to g-g-git us? L-Let's lock dat doah."

"What's de use? Ghosts can come through walls like dere warn't any walls dere. What would yo' do if a spook came through dat wall?"

"Wall, I'd do jest what he done. I'd go through de other wall jest like dere warn't no wall dere. Dat's what I'd do."

"Oblithius, yo' wait heah a minit an' I'll see what made dat noise. But listen heah, nigger, yo' be sho' an' keep dat doah opin."

"Is yo' crazy? Why dat thing will eat yo' up. Yo' had bettah stay heah."

"Yo' jest stay heah an' keep quiet, an' I'll be back in about two minits."

"All right, but be careful. Golly, what's dat? Listen!"

Whooo-ooo-ooo! Whooo-ooo-ooo!

"Coaloil! Dat's ah spook! Let's go; I'm goin' to git out o' dis place. Come on!"

"Keep quiet, nigger! Dat ain't nothin'. Only de wind. Now wait till I come back. An' keep dis doah opin!"

"Coaloil! Coaloil! Coaloil! Coaloil!"

"Nigger, keep quiet; I'se all right."

"What yo' done fin', Coaloil?"

"Only de doah blowin' opin; dat's what made de noise."

"Wal, come on back up heah, nigger. I don't like dis place."

"Now, Oblithius, yo' see dere ain't no spooks. Let's go to bed."

\* \* \* \* \*

Louder grew the storm. The lightning flashes grew more frequent; the thunder grew more violent; the rain became a deluge.

Crash! Crash! A tree went down with a crash, making the old house tremble.

"Coaloil! Coaloil! Coaloil! Wake up! Is yo' dead? Wake up!"

"No, I'se not dead; but I knows of a nigger dat is gonna be if he don't let me alone."

"Look, Coaloil! What am dat? Dere! See dem two eyes lookin' at us from de corner? Look! Dey are movin'. Coaloil, I ask yo' ag'in; let's git out o' heah."

"Oblithius, yo' watch close when I throw dis match over dere. We'll find out what it be."

"Look, Coaloil; dere it goes. What is it? It looked like a lion to me."

"I couldn't see it, Oblithius; de match done blinded me by de flare."

Clank! Clank! Clank! Eeeee-eeee-eeee!

Two dusky figures sat up in bed like a shot and rolled fearful eyes towards the ceiling and the horrid sounds. From their throats came a rasping sound as if some one had difficulty in speaking. At last—

"C-Coaloil, I-I done t-told yo' I was goin' to git out o' d-dis place. Let's go!"

"Look, Oblithius! In de corner. Dose eyes. Dey am comin' dis way. Look!"

"Halp! Halp! Halp!"

The eyes had leaped at the bed.

"C-Coaloil! I'se goin'!"

"Not by yo'self! Gangway! I say, out o' my way!"

Two dusky figures dived through the door and down the steps. They missed every step. Out on the porch they dashed, only to slide off and land in a puddle of water in the yard. But they were up in a flash and went tearing off down the railroad tracks, leaving behind them an owl in the attic trying to untangle himself from a length of chain and a large Persian cat curled up in bed sleeping on Oblithius' pants.

FRANK PENICK, '31.

### Beautiful Lady

**B**ILL WARNICK sat in the swing under a big elm tree reading a romance of the mediaeval time. After an hour and a half he sat up and sighed, "Gee, if I had only lived then!" Just then Jim Wells drove up and called him out. "Say, Bill, what are you doing tonight?"

"Nothing; why?"

"Aw, my girl has a friend coming to spend the weekend with her and I have to get her a date."

"Is she good looking?"

"Dunno."

"Aw, I'll take a chance."

"Thank a lot. I will be by about eight o'clock."

That night Jim came by at ten minutes of eight. Bill was ready, so they soon reached their destination. Bill was of the happy-go-lucky kind who went with all the girls, but cared for none of them. Jim had been the same until he met Jane Phillips, a pretty little brunette, who at once captured Jim's heart. At this moment they reached Jane's house. As usual, they had to wait about ten minutes before the girls had finished dressing, but finally they entered. The introductions were made. Virginia Smith, Jane's visitor, was what Bill afterward said, was his idea of a beautiful lady. Bill and Virginia went out on the porch, while Jim and Jane stayed inside to play the victrola. Bill liked Virginia a great deal, so he turned loose his best line on her. She seemed to like him also, for she returned his compliments very well indeed. Bill had slipped his arm around her and was telling her how he had always looked for a girl like her, when they put on the waltz, "Beautiful Lady."

"You fit exactly the picture which the words in that song describe."

"Gee, Bill, you say the nicest things."

"But any one could do that if he had some one like you to say them to."

The night ended too soon for Bill, but at eleven-thirty he was brought to earth again by Jim who informed him it was time to go. Jim very sensibly went on out to the car, and Bill kissed Virginia good-night and made a date for the next day.

The next afternoon Bill walked over to Jane's house, only to find he was late and Virginia had gone. That night he went over again, and Virginia met him at the door. Bill very coolly greeted her with a formal "Good evening." She returned it with an equal coolness. They went in and sat down on the couch. Bill began by saying, "What's the big idea of standing me up this afternoon?"

"You weren't here when you said you would be, so we went to play tennis with two other boys."

"Well, if that's the way you feel about it, good-bye."

"I don't see that I've done anything; but if you want to go, go on."

Bill rushed madly out of the door, slamming it on his coat-tail. The door having the night-latch on, he couldn't go any further. So he rang the door-bell and Virginia came to see what was the matter. Bill couldn't help from laughing, now that his temper had died down. They had a good laugh over it and went back in and sat down again. "Bill," she said, "the boys we played tennis with were my brothers who are down getting the house ready for us to move into."

"You're going to live here?"

"Yes."

"Oh, boy! ain't love wonderful?"

That's how Bill fell in love with the Beautiful Lady.

CARL GILLIAM, '30.

---

## Work

ROM out of the stillness of the dawn shrieks the rising whistle through the shacks of the construction camp. The sun is just making its first showing over the mountain as the laborers stumble from their

respective shacks on their way to the creek to wash. By the time the sun is an hour high the husky crew have had their breakfast of coffee, bacon and cornbread, have had their lunch pails packed and have started the journey to the cut. This crew of animals tramp the long steep path talking and playing like three-year-old children. When the cut is reached the crew divides and each man goes to his job. Tools are picked up and motors are started, and with the shrill shriek of Big Dick the day's work is started. Men begin to whistle, the traction motors moan and groan as they carry their heavy load to the fill, steam shovels crack and puff as they strain to pick up a bigger load each time, drills buzz and sing as they bore holes for dynamite, and men are shouting and whistling as they are directing the work of the cut. The whole thing looks like a madhouse. Great clouds of rock dust and exhaust engine smoke slowly float up the mountain. This work is not stopped for anything; the one main purpose is to change the contour of mother earth so the mountains can be conquered more easily by road vehicles. This one thought seems to be injected into the minds of those men who are wrecking the mountain side. Men wrestling and struggling with the hardest jobs on earth are suddenly called to a stop by the deep whistle of the steam engine. They throw down their tools and ascend to a higher grade on the mountain. Work ceases. The foreman shouts, "Fire and powder!" Men cover up their ears and the shot is set off. Rock, dirt, trees and everything along the slope is thrown into the air and goes crashing down the mountain side. Gasoline is thrown into the wound and lighted to drive off the powder fumes and the men resume their work. This is the routine of the life of a road worker. He does not know what he is doing it for, but he is doing it. From out this hard work there is a pleasure, and that is knowing that you are doing something that some one else cannot, and that you are doing something that man once never thought could be done. TOM SNEED, '30.

## Fishing Folk

**H**T WAS late in the evening. The sun was laying broken bits of crimson on the surface of the rippling waters of the Cooper River. A crooning breeze fingering the leaves of bulging live oaks, gently swayed the tall pines and swung to and fro the long, drooping pendants of gray moss hanging from the trees bordering the abandoned rice field.

Far out in the middle of this old field, on a small island covered with russet water grass, rose a lifeless witness of many years. This gnarled and crooked old cedar had seen its day and now it served only as a perch for the master of the fishermen. On its highest branch perched a lone osprey, silently but eagerly watching the murky waters of the old field. So still he sat he even seemed a part of some rugged limb.

The wind stopped, the shattered bits of the reflected sun collected themselves, the dancing horizon slowed its pace, and each object silently took its place in the reflected picture.

Suddenly it seemed as if a part of the tree itself had come to life; the osprey quietly launched himself and noiselessly sailed over to a small ripple on the still surface and glided back and forth as if patiently awaiting the setting of the sun.

Near one of the broken banks a dragon fly had stiffly alighted on the very end of an upright stalk of rice. Here he sat for fully four minutes as the osprey winged about far above his head. Then the dragon fly flickered his way down to the glazed surface of the still water to catch some small water bugs. As he brushed its surface, his wings lightly touching the water sent ripples in ever-widening circles.

The water suddenly boiled and churned; a flicker of silver reflected the crimson of the southern sun. The osprey

saw his chance and swift and true as an arrow he dived. He struck the surface with outstretched claws and lifted the fish from the water with the beating of his powerful wings. As he rose with the silver prize, his rasping scream of victory could be heard echoing and re-echoing through the still evening.

His triumphant cries put life into a tiny speck, far, far above him, and as he rose higher and began to head for some lonesome nook to eat his prize at leisure the tiny speck suddenly began to grow, and an odd, hissing sound could be heard. The osprey began to flap violently, swerving from side to side, continually screaming.

The hissing sound became louder and the speck larger, until one could easily recognize the plunging eagle. The osprey suddenly shot upward, and below him could be seen a flake of silver flickering downward in the sunlight.

The eagle drew tighter his half-drawn wings. His descent was like that of a meteor, and at a few feet above the surface of the old lagoon he swerved, snatched the fish in his great talons and shot skyward.

ISAAC BALL, III, '30.





BULLETIN STAFF, 1929-30



## THE MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

Entered at Post Office at Nashville, Tenn., as second-class matter. Address all literary matter to the Editor-in-Chief; all business matter to the Business Manager. Make checks and drafts payable Business Manager, M. B. A. Bulletin.

## BULLETIN STAFF

J. M. PHILLIPS, JR.	<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>
FREDERICK LUCAS	<i>Assistant Editor</i>
HOWARD L. ALLEN	<i>Athletic Editor</i>
BILL HARDIN	<i>Local Editor</i>
ISAAC BALL, III	<i>Local Editor</i>
THOMAS SNEED	<i>Local Editor</i>
JAMES O. BURGE, III.	<i>Alumni Editor</i>
TILDEN PROCTER	<i>Exchange Editor</i>
JAMES P. KRANZ, JR.	<i>Business Manager</i>
MARVIN H. HUGHES	<i>Assistant Business Manager</i>

In the death, on May 14th, of Mr. Edgar Jones, the Academy lost the oldest member of its Board of Trustees and one of its truest friends. Mr. Jones had been a lifetime member of the Board. At the time of his death he was ninety-three years of age. All of his sons and a number of his grandsons were students at M. B. A.

Vacation is almost here and we wonder what all of us are going to do this summer. After nine months of school life we are certainly glad to leave it all for a while, and

our hearts swell with pity when we think of the poor wretches who will be compelled to spend those long, hot months in the toil and drudgery of summer school.

Just before school is out we are all racking our brains to find something to do during the summer. Of course some of us must work and others must come to summer school; but this school has its full quota of those restless spirits who are not content to loaf all summer and must set sail for parts unknown. They start out with their pockets full of space, and, after a few weeks, they return with their pockets in the same condition, but with a wider view of the world and a wealth of stories and information, both of which they use at the slightest provocation or at no provocation at all.

Those three months that seem to be so long to us now will not last forever as we think, but will speed away like arrows sped from a bow. But then we won't be so sorry because we will get back in the harness at school once more. Some will get down to studying hard, some to playing jokes, and others to going about in the same old happy-go-lucky way. But anyway every one will be happy when school begins again and will be fresh and ready to settle down to work, which, after all, is the best for us.

VERNA BULLARD, '31.

---

The Woman's Auxiliary Board has been organized; we are fully aware of its existence. Its first functioning in the school has been so important and has done so much good that we may call it an epoch in M. B. A.'s history. It has accomplished much and has injected such spirit into the boys that there seems no end to what good it will do. There has been a feeling of co-operation between students, parents and alumni, such as has never before been felt.

Besides this feeling of co-operation and friendship, it has proven the members really mean what they have done. They have given the school a great many improvements and betterments. They have changed the grounds into one of the prettiest and most beautiful of the entire city, furnish-

ed the buildings, and improved the library. These, however, are only a few of the things they have done for the improvement of the school.

This organization is one of the ablest we have ever known. It has financed itself, with no one making any great donation or gift. There is a real power for efficiency which has not been excelled in the many years of the school.

On behalf of the boys of M. B. A. I wish to take my hat off to the Woman's Auxiliary Board and to thank them for their good work. We promise our full co-operation in all they undertake.

TOM SNEED, '30.



## Senior Class, 1929-30

Ross Allen: Hi-Y.

Isaac (Grizzly) Ball, III: football, '29; local editor, Bulletin, '30; Hi-Y, Kappa Alpha Phi.

Dudley (Ramsey MacDonald) Bransford: Hi-Y, Delta Sigma.

James O. (Cat) Burge, III: Basketball, '28-'29, '29-'30; baseball, '29-'30; alumni editor, Bulletin, '29-'30; School Committee, '29-'30.

Milo (Silo) Collins, Jr.: Football, '29; Hi-Y, Phi Alpha Lambda.

Joseph H. Dozier: Hi-Y, Delta Phi Kappa.

Carl (Gilly) Gilliam.

James W. Hill: Alpha Sigma Lambda.

J. Floyd Hayes.

Marvin H. Hughes: Lower School declamation medal, '28; Upper School declamation medal, '29; ice president Junior Literary Society, '28; assistant business manager, Bulletin, '29-'30; Kappa Alpha Phi.

Charles (Tom Carr) Jenkins: Football, '29; basketball, '30; tennis, '30; Alpha Chi Epsilon.

James P. (Von Hiemel) Kranz, Jr.: School Committee, '27-'28, '28-'29, '29-'30; secretary, School Committee, '29-'30; secretary-treasurer, Senior Class, '29-'30; Lower School declamation medal, '27; sub-freshman Scholarship Prize, '26; vice president, Junior Literary Society, '27; vice president, Clark Literary Society, '30; business manager, Bulletin, '29-'30; Hi-Y, Kappa Alpha Phi.

Richard (Gashouse) Lindsey, Jr.: Football, '28-'29; baseball, '30; manager, baseball, '27; secretary, Junior Literary Society, '27; vice president, Clark Liter-

ary Society, '29; School Committee, '29-'30; Hi-Y, Kappa Alpha Phi.

Shirley Edward (Mr. Chirp) Mayers: Football, '27-'28-'29; president, Junior Class, '29; School Committee, '30; Hi-Y, Kappa Alpha Phi.

Philip McDonald: Hi-Y, Sigma Delta Epsilon.

William G. Miller: Tennis, '29; president, Sophomore Class, '27-'28; Hi-Y, Delta Sigma.

Frank (Highman) Penick, Jr.: President, Junior Class, '28; track, '29; basketball, '29-'30; Hi-Y, Alpha Sigma Lambda.

Jess M. Phillips, Jr.: Editor-in-chief, Bulletin, '28-'29, '29-'30; School Committee, '27-'28, '28-'29, '29-'30; secretary, School Committee, '27-'28; vice president, Senior Class, '29-'30; English medal, '29; Lower School scholarship medal, '26-'27; Upper School scholarship medal, '29; vice president, Sophomore Class, '27-'28; Hi-Y, Delta Sigma.

Tilden Proctor: Tennis, '30; exchange editor, Bulletin, '29-'30; secretary, Hi-Y, '29-'30; Delta Phi Kappa.

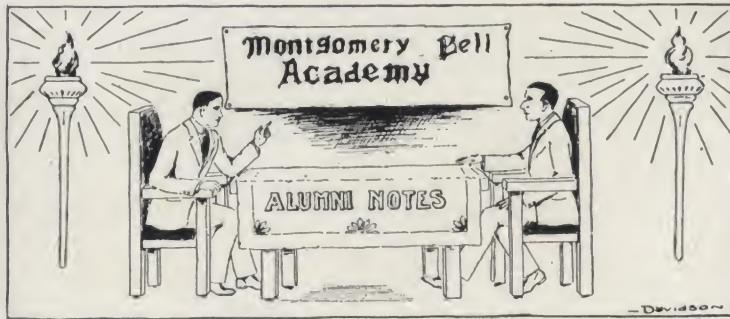
William (Hayseed) Puryear: Football, '28.

John Shumaker, Jr.: Delta Phi Kappa.

Kenneth (Walter L.) Sisk: Hi-Y, Kappa Alpha Phi.

Thomas L. (Burro) Sneed: Football, '28-'29-'30; captain, football, '30; School Committee, '29-'30; president, Senior Class, '30; local editor, Bulletin, '29-'30; basketball, '28-'29; baseball, '29-'30; vice president, School Committee, '29-'30; Hi-Y, Alpha Sigma Lambda.





Glancing over the last issue of the Vanderbilt Alumnus, we find among the directors of the Alumni Association John H. DeWitt, M. B. A., '90, and Irvine G. Chase, M. B. A., '85; and among the officers of the various alumni clubs, Thos. L. Lipscomb, M. B. A., '13, president of the Cleveland, Ohio, club; A. A. Adams, M. B. A., '85, president at Lebanon, Tenn.; and Brownlee Currey, M. B. A., '21, president of the Nashville club.

\* \* \*

Judge Thos. E. Matthews, '72, after a long life of service in the courts, now lives in retirement on Greenwood Avenue.

\* \* \*

Dr. Joe Minor, '13, read a paper before the Chicago Dental Society at its annual convention, January 13-15.

\* \* \*

Edwin R. Frost, '26, receives his graduation as B.A. from Dartmouth in June.

\* \* \*

John A. Ball, '25, who, after graduation from Dartmouth last year, has been in training in the U. S. Naval Aviation Schools, first on Massachusetts Bay, and later at Pensacola, Fla., has completed the navy course, graduating first in the class of 1930. He is at present at home on a furlough of a week or two, awaiting the arrival of his en-

sign's commission and his orders to report for service as shall be determined.

\* \* \*

W. B. Hussey, '24, for some years in the service of the Tennessee Products Company here in Nashville, has moved to New York City, and is connected with the American Bell Telephone Company in its financial department.

\* \* \*

Moultrie Ball, '27, a junior at Sewanee, in the last issue of the "Sewanee Purple," is recorded as having been elected a member of the Sigma Upsilon, the national literary fraternity, and also a member of Alpha Phi Epsilon, the national oratorical fraternity.

\* \* \*

Raymond I. Bottoms, '24, of the Fourth and First National Bank, was on May 27th elected president of the Nashville chapter of the American Institute of Banking, his term of office to begin on August 1st.

\* \* \*

Ralph J. Totten, '94, who has had a distinguished career in the consular service and was recently appointed the first Minister Resident to the Union of South Africa, has presented his letters of credence. A copy of a Cape-town paper which has just reached Nashville contains a picture of the new Minister and an ac-

count of the ceremonial. Mr. Totten, who entered the consular service in 1908, with an appointment at Puerto Plata, Dominican Republic, has filled consular posts in Venezuela, Uruguay, Austria and the post of Consul General at Barcelona. During the war he was Consul General of the United States for western Europe. After detail at the Department of State as a member of the Executive Committee of the Foreign Service Personnel Board, he headed a special mission to Ethiopia, and became Consul General at Capetown in 1926, his diplomatic appointment following.—(Abstract from an article in the Nashville Banner, May 28th.)

\* \* \*

Funeral services for Newton C. Reavis, '09, prominent New York City attorney, who died in the Brooklyn Naval Hospital on May 19th, were held here on the 22nd. After graduation from Montgomery Bell Academy he studied law at Vanderbilt University and in Washington, D. C. During the war he attained the rank of captain. At the close of the war he became associated with the law firm of Root, Clark, Butler and Howard in New York City and continued his practice there.

\* \* \*

Lieut. Bromfield B. Nichol, M. B. A., '20, will be one of the crack pilots of the United States Navy to take part in the annual airplane race for the Curtiss Marine trophy at Anacostia, D. C., Saturday, according to an announcement made by the Navy Department. Lieutenant Nichol will pilot one of the four United States Navy training planes in the training plane class. There will be five classes of navy fighting planes competing for the trophy. Mr. Nichol left Nashville in 1920 to attend the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Follow-

ing graduation he was attached to the Naval Service Station at Hampton Roads, Va.—Nashville Banner, May 22d.

\* \* \*

Adolph Brown, '19, is first vice president of the local Retail Furniture Dealers' Association and is chairman of the convention's transportation committee. He is general manager of the Banner Furniture Company of Nashville.

\* \* \*

Edward F. Rooney, '15, recently connected with the Ford Automobile Company in their office at Buffalo, N. Y., has moved back to Nashville and will enter the insurance business with George W. Killebrew.

\* \* \*

Henry C. McCall, '19, who since his graduation has been in business in Ashland, Ky., some months ago returned to Nashville and is connected with the Penn Mutual Insurance Company.

\* \* \*

Herbert Brown, '27, has been elected president of the "T" Club at the University of Tennessee.

\* \* \*

Hugh Goodman, '28, who played brilliant basketball all the season for the Sewanee Tigers, was recently elected captain to lead the Purple clan next year.

\* \* \*

Lieut.-Col. Frank Maxwell Andrews, '01, was in charge of the Red air forces in the attack on Crissy Field in the recent army maneuvers in California. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews commanded the fifty planes of the attacking squadron.

\* \* \*

Robert E. Worrall, '28, former student and athlete at M. B. A. and Sewanee, was recently married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Knox. The wedding took place April 10th at the Vine Street Christian Church. Mr. W. H. Kirkpatrick, former coach at M. B. A. and later at Sewanee, serv-

ed as best man. The bride and groom reside in the Loraine Apartments.

\* \* \*

"Buddy" Hackman, '27, one of the famous "Hack and Mack Touchdown Twins," was chosen president of the student body of the University of Tennessee at a recent campus election.

\* \* \*

The engagement of Dr. Merrill Moore, '20, to Miss Ann Leslie Nichol of Nashville has just been made public. Dr. Moore after graduation from Vanderbilt University and the Vanderbilt Medical School and after completing an internship at St. Thomas Hospital in Nashville, secured early during this year a position as interne at the Boston General Hospital. Parallel to this he was doing postgraduate work in the Harvard Medical School. He has secured two new appointments for 1930-31: one, that of Resident Physician on the Neurological service of the Boston City Hospital; the other, a Teaching Fellowship in Neurology on the faculty of the Harvard Medical School. He has been sent this summer to the Johns Hopkins Medical School to take some special courses.

\* \* \*

The engagement of "Chile" Charles Hardin, '26, director of athletics at M. B. A. during the past year, to Miss Dorothy Vestal, is also a recent announcement. "Chile" expects during the summer to take several courses at the Harvard School of Athletic Training, with a view of making this his permanent profession. His present headquarters are at Salem, Mass.

\* \* \*

Fred Reyer, '18, passed recently through Nashville on his way to New Orleans, of which city Mrs. Reyer is a native. He

is in business at Bridgeport, Conn., with the General Electric Supply Co., a subsidiary of the General Electric Co.

\* \* \*

A notice of the marriage of Oscar Geny, Jr., '26, to Miss Dorothy Kerrigan has not yet been made in these pages.

\* \* \*

A card has just been received announcing the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Srygley at Port Arthur, Texas. Ted, of the class of 1920, has for some years been teaching the sciences in the Port Arthur High School.

\* \* \*

Herbert Johnson, '27, after spending two years in St. Mary's College, Kansas, has transferred to Notre Dame, where he expects to complete his course.

\* \* \*

A welcome visitor on alumni day was Thomas E. Lipscomb, '13, now a well-known corporation lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio.

\* \* \*

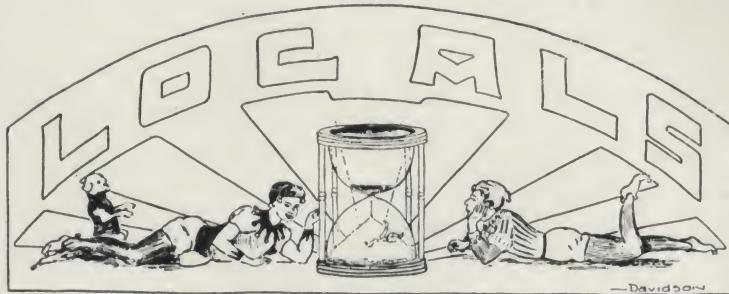
Knoxville, Tenn., May 29.—(UP)—Joseph "Buddy" Hackman, of the famous "Hack and Mack" football combination, today wore the senior toga, emblematic of having made the greatest contribution to the University of Tennessee. Hackman was honored last night by members of departing senior class at their annual Aloha Oe ceremony. He will be president of the all-student club next year and has played two years as halfback on the undefeated Tennessee football team.—Nashville Tennessean.

\* \* \*

A. F. (Fritz) Roberts, '26, will graduate this June from the Mechanical Engineering Department of Georgia School of Technology.



SCHOOL COMMITTEE 1929-30



#### THE ALUMNI DECLAMATION CONTEST

On the evening of May 23rd the M. B. A. auditorium was the scene of a very interesting contest in declamation, this contest being quite unusual in that it was performed by alumni and of particular interest in that for each decade as far back as was possible there was a representative of those years contending for the prize. Thus each decade from 1860 to 1930 had a candidate that evening. Most of the speakers were former medal winners in similar contests of their preparatory school days and all gave as the selections speeches which they had learned at M. B. A.

Judge Robert Ewing, representing the 1860's, started the contest with Lord Byron's "Night Before the Battle of Waterloo." Judge J. D. B. DeBow of the 1870's was to have been the second speaker, but was at the last minute unable to attend. He was to have declaimed "The Castilian Knight." The 1880's were championed by A. A. (Fred) Adams with "Mark Antony's Speech over the Body of Caesar." Judge John H. DeWitt of the 1890's

came next with "Immortality," by George D. Prentice. W. S. Mills, who represented the 1900's, gave "Victor Hugo's Defense of His Son." Then came Charles M. Moss of the 1910's with the "Address by Baron Moncheur to the United States Senate"; John Ball of the 1920's who gave "Mississippi's Contested Election," by S. S. Prentiss; and, last, Marvin H. Hughes, a senior of the class of 1930, with Henry W. Grady's Democracy and the South."

The judges on this unique occasion were all likewise M. B. A. men, prominent members of the legal profession: Judge Thomas H. Malone, Jr., '86; Charles C. Trabue, '87; and Edward J. Smith, '97. They found Fred Adams to be the best declaimer and rewarded him with a silver cup.

In this way, then, was spent an evening long to be held memorable in the annals of Montgomery Bell Academy.

\* \* \*

However, the declamation contest was not all that took place on May 23rd. It was placed first only because it seemed the most interesting of that day's events.

#### COOLEY'S BOOK SHOP

185 EIGHTH AVENUE, NORTH

**THE M. B. A. HOME-COMING**

For many days preceding May 23rd, the date set for the alumni home-coming and declamation contest, preparations were under way. During vacant periods and after school scores of boys could be found scattered over the campus making ready. Some graded the road, others washed windows, and still others pulled weeds, swept, leveled and lined the tennis courts and the baseball field, varnished tables, scrubbed floors, and performed innumerable odd jobs. A great spirit of enthusiasm was manifest. However, at this point, some note should be made of the strange garb in which the zealots appeared—gym suits, spare parts of baseball uniforms and various sorts of scant attire were often seen. The fact that it rained rather heavily on the morning of the home-coming and again that afternoon lessened but little the interest and devotion both of students and alumni.

The day began really with the baseball game between this year's team and one composed of various star players of recent years. At the same time a fast match was under way between two instructors in the school, Mr. Rutledge and Mr. Davidson, on the tennis courts. A rain-storm obscured these efforts, but a basketball game was effected by a quick change to gym suits and the gymnasium.

After this came the banquet in the lunch-room. This was quite gay with balloons and flowers, and quite interesting with plenty of food. Before every one had finished eating order was called and some prizes or, rather, gifts of appreciation were presented. Howard Allen, captain of the baseball team, and George Gaffney, captain of the alumni baseball team, were called forward and given their rewards, as was likewise Howard

Butler who got his for being the "best worker in the school." Then there was a prize for the player who made the first home run. And last, Mrs. Frederick Leake was surprised and honored with a gift in appreciation of her excellence as first president of the Woman's Auxiliary of M. B. A.

There were some boxes of candy to be drawn for next. After that came the afore-mentioned alumni declamation contest in the auditorium which concluded a most pleasant series of events.

**THE GOBS**

The American gobs are a care-free bunch,

They travel far and wide;  
The ports they reach and the  
sights they see

Are changeable as the tide.

They have a girl in every port  
To love and then to leave;  
There are very few things on  
land or sea

That make the sailor grieve.

Great steel ships are their homes  
In time of peace or strife.  
They throw all troubles to the  
winds

And lead a carefree life.

Frank Penick, Jr., '31.

\* \* \*

Hardin: "You little cabbage!"  
Blankenship: "Lend me a  
quarter."

Hardin: "Why, you dead-beat!"

\* \* \*

**THE MICROBES**

The Microbe football team enjoyed a successful season in '29, playing three games and winning two out of the three. The boys were captained by Freddy Leake. One of the highlights of the season was a game at Franklin with Battle Ground Academy's smaller boys. A banquet was held in the lunch-room after all the

games had been played and Coach Hardin spoke to the future stars.

Jimmy Ragland led the basketeers to victory, four games being won out of five. Captains for next year's teams are yet to be elected.

\* \* \*

McKelvey: "Is Ball going to be a policeman or a soldier?"

Mr. Rutledge: "Neither. Why?"

McKelvey: "Well, isn't he studying trigonometry?"

\* \* \*

#### TO HER

My girl is like the rarest pearl  
That gleams within the sea;  
Her beauty's as the fairest rose;  
She's all the world to me.

Her hair is as a starry night,  
Her teeth are ivory white;  
Of all the beauty ever seen,  
She is the fairest sight.

Her eyes are full of merry lights,  
Yet have a mystic glow;  
She moves along with easy strides  
As graceful as a doe.

There's nothing that I would not  
do

If I could win her love;  
She is an angel in disguise  
That's come down from above.

Frank Penick, Jr., '31.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ball: "Where's my history class?"

Seabolt: "Here I am."

\* \* \*

T. Myers: "I won't stay for that extra Math 4 class this evening."

Gilliam: "Why?"

T. Myers: "Because I'm not in it."

\* \* \*

Omo: "I never have seen the campus as clean. Have you, Allen?"

Allen: "Yes, it seems that it was cleaner the first year I was out here."

Omo: "Aw, Allen, you can't remember back that far!"

Collins: "Craig, have you a cigarette?"

Craig: "Yes, here's one."

Collins: "Have you a match?"

Craig: "Yes, and have you a lung?"

\* \* \*

The Smokers' Club held their annual banquet last night in the school's lunch-room. Speeches were made and the season reviewed. Letters were given out by Mr. Davidson, and Seabolt was elected 1931 president.

\* \* \*

#### MEMORIES

There's the silent hour and the crowded hour,

The hour we threw away,  
And the witching hour that was once our hour,

The hour for which we pay.

There are hours we spent that were heaven sent,

When the sands of the glass ran gold,  
And time in its flight seemed a watch in the night,  
A sunrise moment untold.

From the first to the last let each hour that we passed  
Guide my steps through the gathering night,  
And till life shall end they shall always lend  
A fadeless radiant light.

Dudley Bransford, '30.

\* \* \*

Puryear wants to know what the horse does with the Derby after he wins it.

\* \* \*

If the detention hall burned down, Yates and Walters would be left homeless.

\* \* \*

A picture was made of the baseball team and Kranz.

\* \* \*

Mr. Rutledge, in Chemistry: "Levine, what would you do if you swallowed a nail?"

Levine: "Drink acid to dissolve it."

Sneed: "Do I need a shave?"  
 Miller: "No, you need a haircut on your face."

\* \* \*

The blind fish in Mammoth Cave have nothing on Tanksley and Lindsey.

\* \* \*

#### REMEMBRANCE

Near the river Colorado  
 In the dear old "Lone Star" State  
 Lies a little wooded hollow  
 Sequestered and sedate.

But God, the lives it's taken,  
 Neath the stately cedar boughs,  
 All heaven's laws forsaken  
 For a few unbranded cows.

It's here that Thomas Blackman died  
 For a crime he didn't do.  
 The Roberts brothers, Bob and Clyde,  
 And countless others, too.

And when the thoughts are swaying  
 Gently in the western breeze,  
 It seems a voice is saying,  
 "God forgive them," through the trees.

Jimmy Kranz, '30.

\* \* \*

Officer (on state line examining for corn borer): "Say, boy, have you any corn in there?"

Boy: "Tsh, tsh! Officer, I have nothing but rye."

\* \* \*

Ike Ball says that he is going to sue the city for building the curb so high that every time he steps off he tears the seat of his pants.

\* \* \*

Raby (singing): "Should I reveal exactly how I feel."

General Chorus of Protest: "No, no! It is not necessary."

\* \* \*

Shirley Mayers: "I'd love to borrow a nickel."

Fred Lucas: "I'd love to see you do it."

Kranz and Sisk were four hours late returning from the Derby. They said they had a great deal of car trouble, but we learned that the real reason was that they were waiting for Sisk's horse to come in.

\* \* \*

#### SONG

The flowers that bloom upon the fields,

The oaks of the forest wild,  
 Would all alike fade and decay  
 Unless the day god smiled.

So all within my own poor heart  
 Would wither, fade, and die  
 Without thy confidence and love,  
 The soul light of thine eye.

Be mine to love and truly love,  
 Be mine for life, for aye.  
 Be mine to trust thee and confide  
 In all I do and say.

Be mine to tell me all thy soul  
 Withholding from me none;  
 Be mine, for I am thine, and then  
 Two hearts will beat as one.

Dudley Bransford, '30.

\* \* \*

Allen: "Burge, quit throwing that gozzova ball."

Burge: "What do you mean, gozzone ball?"

Allen: "Well, every time you throw it gozzova the fence."

\* \* \*

Mr. Ball (reading honor roll): "McKelvey's in bad shape."

Penick: "That's evident."

\* \* \*

The following joke is reprinted through popular request:

Tanksley: "Do you serve fish?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir. Be seated."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Ball: "Let me know how many boys you are bringing to the field day dinner so I can prepare that many plates."

"Whale" McKelvey: "I'm not bringing anybody, but you can prepare three for me."

Mrs. Ball (in History 5): "Hardin, did you know that during the World War Russian women fought the Germans with axes?"

Hardin: "That hacked 'em."

\* \* \*

Jack Kennedy our popular novel writer has just completed "What Is This Thing Called Love?" It should be a best seller.

\* \* \*

Bransford: "'Fessor, may I speak to Hughes a minute?'"

'Fessor: "I'm busy at the present."

Bransford: "I said 'Hughes'  
and not 'youse'."

\* \* \*

Raby: "Burge, why don't you quit throwing the ball to first base?"

Burge: "It's safer; the man on first hasn't a bat."

＊＊＊

Blankenship has announced that he has a new job posing for "that future shadow" advertisement.

\* \* \*

There are few single families among our alumni, we imagine, that can parallel the record of the three Andrews brothers, sons of Mr. J. D. Andrews, and graduates during the 1900 decade. All three are in the military service of the United States. The oldest, Lieutenant Colonel Frank Maxwell Andrews (M. B. A., '01), is in the aviation service. The second brother, Captain James D. Andrews, Jr. (M. B. A., '03), is in the U. S. Engineer Corps, and is at present station-

ed in the Canal Zone. The third brother, Captain William Valery Andrews (M. B. A., '07), like his oldest brother, is also in the U. S. aviation service and is secretary of the Tactical School at Langley Field, Va.

Announcement has just been made that Merrill Moore, '20, has been awarded by the South Carolina Poetical Society the Caroline Sinkler Prize for the most outstanding book of poetry printed this year.

## THE DRILLER

He stands over there with a  
frown on his face  
And a day or two's growth of  
beard.  
You don't have to ask who is  
boss of the place  
When into those grey eyes you've  
peered.

It's work for those who can  
stand it  
And plumb to hell with the rest!  
Those who wouldn't make the  
grade, lamm'd it,  
And knew it was all for the best.

And knew it was all for the best.  
When old number nine came in  
tearin',  
And blew the rig right on her  
ear,  
He stood by her, sweatin' and  
swearin'  
With never a thought of fear.  
The word's gone around that he's  
plenty tough;  
And, boy, believe what you're  
told;  
But when you get that covering  
off,  
Inside he's pure gold.

pure gold.  
Jimmy Kranz, '30.

# EVERYTHING YOUNG MEN WEAR

# LOWENSTEIN'S

## FOURTH AND DEADERICK

SINCE 1897

## EXCHANGES

This being the last issue of the year, we wish to thank all other schools for their co-operation. Let us extend to you our appreciation of your praise and criticism. We hope that next year you will do as much for our exchange editor as you have done for us. Throughout the year we have commented on other papers and all has not been praise. To the editors of these papers let us say that we hope you entertain no hard feelings for us, for we have said what we think we should have said. We have received criticisms, and thank those who have offered them.

\* \* \*

We wish to thank the exchange editor of the Maroon and White for his regularity in getting this paper to us.

\* \* \*

The Guidon, San Rafael Military Academy, San Rafael, Calif. The Guidon, from our friends away out in California, is one of the best preparatory school sports papers we have received. We especially wish to praise your selection and discrimination of topics. Yet if you lengthened your paper and inserted a joke here and there and an occasional touch with outside events, it would not be detrimental.

\* \* \*

The Peabody Volunteer, Peabody Demonstration School, Nashville, Tenn. The May issue of your publication contains some good stories and some good poetry. However, your jokes do not quite reach this standard; they seem to be more or less dry and old. But your high standard is once more regained in both the exchange and the demonstration department.

The Gower News, Nashville, Tenn. As a junior high school publication yours is most commendable. We wish not only to praise but to encourage your good work which even the most severe critic would be forced to recognize.

\* \* \*

The Exchange Department desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following papers throughout the year:

The Maroon and White, Chattanooga High School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Hi-Times, Central City High School, Central City, Ky.

The Sewanee Purple, Sewanee University, Sewanee, Tenn.

The Vanderbilt Alumnus, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

The Cue, Albany Military Academy, Albany, New York.

The Crimson, Dupont Manual Training School, Louisville, Ky.

The Right Angle, Rochester Technical High School, Rochester, New York.

The Purple and White, Branhams and Hughes Military Academy, Spring Hill, Tenn.

The Emory Wheel, Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

The Gower News, Gower School.

The Academy Spectator, Lake Forest Academy, Lake Forest, Illinois.

The Wallace World, Wallace University School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Tornado, McCallie School, Chattanooga, Tenn.

The Echo, Hume-Fogg High School, Nashville, Tenn.

The Echo, Decatur Junior High School, Decatur, Ga.



## FOOTBALL, 1929-30

M. B. A. -----	32	State Aggies -----	0
M. B. A. -----	15	Manual Hi -----	6
C. B. A. -----	26	B. & H. -----	0
M. B. A. -----	19	B. G. A. -----	6
M. B. A. -----	6	Morgan -----	0
M. B. A. -----	0	Baylor -----	21
M. B. A. -----	6	C. M. A. -----	20
<hr/>		<hr/>	
M. B. A. -----	104	Opponents -----	53

M. B. A. had a very good season in football this past year, winning the first five games and losing the last two. In our first games the team showed an unbeatable fighting spirit, but at the close of the season the team seemed to lose part of their fight. Sneed was captain and made a wonderful leader, and the team will surely miss him next year. Chile Hardin deserves a lot of praise for the team he put out.

At the banquet the following men received letters: Captain Sneed, Captain-elect Halloran, Allen, Mayers, Jenkins, Ball, Parman, Hatfield, Lindsey, Lucas, Collins, Coggin, Bullard, Kennedy, Holt, Raby, Hardin, Butler, Pearson and Manager Jones.

---

*Mitchell's* CANDIES  
323 UNION STREET



FOOTBALL TEAM. 1929-30

## BASKETBALL, 1929-30

M. B. A. -----	38	D. L. C. -----	14
M. B. A. -----	26	D. L. C. -----	28
M. B. A. -----	20	C. M. A. -----	19
M. B. A. -----	37	Morgan -----	25
M. B. A. -----	34	Sewanee Freshmen -----	38
M. B. A. -----	40	Rambler Reserves -----	10
M. B. A. -----	19	Castle Heights -----	18
M. B. A. -----	24	Castle Heights -----	36
M. B. A. -----	40	C. M. A. -----	22
M. B. A. -----	47	B. & H. -----	21
M. B. A. -----	25	Morgan -----	30
M. B. A. -----	37	B. & H. -----	26
M. B. A. -----	26	St. Andrews -----	32
M. B. A. -----	40	Sewanee Freshmen -----	32
M. B. A. -----	22	D. L. C. -----	23
M. B. A. -----	20	Memphis Tech Hi-----	24
<hr/>			
M. B. A. -----	495	Opponents -----	403

LETTER MEN: Captain Hardin, Bullard, Lucas, Sneed, Burge, Elam, Butler, Jenkins and Manager Pearson.

Coach Chile Hardin did some great work in developing a winning team in basketball, as he had very little material to form his squad from. Before examinations we had a wonderful team on paper, but the exams lost us two letter men and some very good prospects. With what he had, Chile went to work with a bang and developed a fast-breaking offense that was hard to stop. With Chile as coach and Billy as captain the team had a wonderful combination.

And last, the manager, Bud Pearson, a boy who has given his time and efforts without a cry. He made a wonderful manager and we as a school wish him every success next year.

## BASEBALL, 1929-30

M. B. A.	11	Wallace	10
M. B. A.	15	D. L. C.	9
M. B. A.	14	B. & H.	10
M. B. A.	12	T. S. T. S.	5
M. B. A.	1	Castle Heights	4
M. B. A.	3	Morgan	5
M. B. A.	1	Castle Heights	17
M. B. A.	24	Wallace	9
M. B. A.	7	Duncan	3
M. B. A.	9	Duncan	6
<hr/>			
M. B. A.	97	Opponents	78

## BATTING AVERAGES

	At Bat	Hits	Pct.
H. Allen	45	18	400
Sneed	40	19	400
Hardin	51	22	432
Wells	49	18	366
Lucas	39	17	435
Butler	35	13	371
Raby	48	20	417
Burge	26	5	191
Kranz	20	5	200
Lindsey	30	6	200
<hr/>			
Teams	392	143	362

## BASEBALL, 1929-30

Howard Allen coached the baseball team which won the city T. I. A. A. championship. The team started off their baseball season by winning their first game from Wallace. With the exception of one game, the team showed a spirit that no baseball team had ever shown here, and in their last game they overcome a three-run lead to win the city T. I. A. A. championship. At the close of the baseball season Howard Allen was elected captain. Jack Wheeler was



BASEBALL TEAM, 1929-30

manager. These men will receive letters: Captain Allen, Butler, Burge, Lucas, Sneed, Wells, Raby, Hardin, Kranz, Lindsey and Manager Wheeler.

**M. B. A., 11; WALLACE, 10**

M. B. A. opened their baseball season with an 11 to 10 victory over Wallace. Burge for M. B. A. and Minton for Wallace, both pitching good ball. Sneed and Kranz led the hitting for M. B. A. with two hits each.

	R.	H.	E.
M. B. A. -----	0	0	3 0 2 2 0 2 2
Wallace -----	0	0	0 1 5 4 0 0 0

—11 10 2  
—10 7 5

**M. B. A., 15; D. L. C., 9**

By hard hitting and wild base running M. B. A. defeated David Lipscomb College by the score of 15 to 9. Billy Hardin pitching his first game, kept his hits well scattered and was never in danger. Raby, Sneed and Lucas led the hitting for M. B. A., while Logan and Boles were the stars for D. L. C.

**M. B. A., 14; B. & H., 10**

With the winning streak still with us, M. B. A. romped over B. and H. to a 14 to 10 win. The game was close until its latter stages. Burge was in rare form and struck out 23 men, setting a State record. Lucas led the hitting for M. B. A. Hammond hit a home run for B. and H.

**M. B. A., 12; T. S. T. S., 5**

M. B. A. won their fourth straight game, defeating the State Aggies 12 to 5. Allen relieved Hardin in the second inning and held the Aggies well in check. He also led the hitting with a home run, a triple and two singles. Hardin collected four singles. Reiben played a good game for the Aggies.

---

**Treman King & Company**  
*Sports Outfitters*

144 Eighth Avenue, North

Tel. 6-4777

## M. B. A., 1; CASTLE HEIGHTS, 4

M. B. A. journeyed down to Lebanon to lose their first game of the year to Castle Heights by the tune of 4 to 1. Burge on the mound for M. B. A. and Wood for Castle Heights, were hooped in a pitching duel. Both teams played good ball, but Heights had a small lead, collecting seven hits and four runs with M. B. A. getting five hits and one run. Allen collected a triple for M. B. A. and Work hit a home run for Heights.

	R.	H.	E.
M. B. A. -----	0	0	2
C. H. M. A. ---	0	2	1

## M. B. A., 3; MORGAN, 5

M. B. A. lost their second game to Morgan 5 to 3. Allen on the mound for M. B. A. pitched good ball, allowing 9 hits and striking out 9 men. Pickard for Morgan also pitched a good game, but had a small edge over his rival. Raby, Sneed and Lucas did the hitting for M. B. A., while Pickard and Darnell were best for Morgan.

## M. B. A., 1; HEIGHTS, 17

M. B. A. was slaughtered by Castle Heights by the score of 17 to 1. M. B. A. seemed to be lost and was never in the game. Wood pitching for Heights, allowed only five hits, while his mates were touching M. B. A. for nineteen. Kennedy and Airial were the hitting stars for Castle Heights. Hardin and Allen collected four of M. B. A.'s hits.

## M. B. A., 24; WALLACE, 9

In a game of home runs M. B. A. romped over Wallace 24 to 9. M. B. A. scored in every inning but two. Raby and Allen collected two home runs apiece with Sneed and Lucas collecting one each. Hardin also did his share, hitting a double and three singles. Ollie Minton and Carpenter were the only Wallace players to collect more than one hit.

## M. B. A., 7; DUNCAN, 3

M. B. A. met and defeated Duncan on the M. B. A. field by the score of 7 to 3. Burge pitched excellent ball

for M. B. A. and was given good support. M. B. A. scored first and held the lead throughout the game. Burge struck out nine men, while Robertson whiffed seven.

	R.	H.	E.
Duncan -----	0	0	1
M. B. A. -----	0	2	0

M. B. A., 9; DUNCAN, 6

M. B. A. met and defeated Duncan for the second time by the score of 9 to 6. The game was played in the Baseball Park for the city T. I. A. A. championship. Duncan started the scoring by making three runs in the first and two in the third. M. B. A. had one big inning, scoring seven runs in the sixth inning, using the squeeze play five times. Burge went the full game for M. B. A., while Olive was relieved by Davis in the sixth inning. Burge and Sneed led the hitting for M. B. A. Olive and Herb Davis were the batting stars for Duncan.

	R.	H.	E.
M. B. A. -----	0	0	0
Duncan -----	3	0	2

#### TENNIS, 1929-30

M. B. A. was well represented in tennis this year, placing a team near the top in each tournament. In the city prep tournament Hatfield was defeated in the singles finals and Hatfield and Jenkins were defeated in the double finals. In the T. I. A. A. tournament held at Sewanee Military Academy, Hatfield was defeated in the semi-finals. The tennis team was composed of Captain Hatfield, Jenkins, Proctor and Joy.

*G. Allan Dunning's*

*Prinsonians*

*Dance Music and How!*

YOU WILL HAVE TO EAT  
 THE **SHACKLETT** WAY  
 TO KNOW  
 REAL FOOD—REAL SERVICE  
 SHACKLETT'S—411 CHURCH ST.



EAT  
**BAMBY BREAD**

*Joy's*

M. B. A. SPECIAL  
 Shoulder Bouquet . . \$2.50  
 "Always Lovely"

325 Union Street      Church at Sixth Ave.

### OUR MISSION

In life is the continued production of Good Printing. Having the most modern type and equipment and devoting all of our efforts to this one phase of the printing business enables us to give you

BETTER PRINTING :: BETTER SERVICE

HERMITAGE PRINTING CO.

Phone 6-7870

138 Third Avenue, North

COMPLIMENTS OF

**Martin - Rollow**

**MAXWELL HOUSE SHOE CO.**

ESTABLISHED 1869

FINE FOOTWEAR

"THE NETTLETON SHOP"

NASHVILLE, TENN.

**O. Geny & Sons**  
**FLORISTS**

"Say It with Flowers"

PHONES 7-2145—7-2146

1600 WEST END      NASHVILLE, TENN.

Compliments of Butts Geny

**Castner-Knott**  
**Dry Goods Company**

We carry Adler Collegian Clothes for  
 Young Men. Prices and styles right.

ASK HUGHES AND KRANZ!

MUSIC  
CORRESPONDENCE  
HOLIDAY  
GREETINGS  
DEBATES



ORATIONS  
LANGUAGES  
POEMS  
DECLAMATIONS  
CHEERS

SPEAK-O-PHONE RECORDING STUDIO

227-8 BENNIE-DILLON BLDG.

TEL. 6-4341

HOURS 9 TO 9



Polly Rich Flour Is the Largest Selling  
Flour Manufactured in Nashville

Plain and Self-Rising

**COLONIAL MILLING CO.**

NASHVILLE—CHATTANOOGA—ATLANTA



**DAFOSHO**  
LUNCHEONETTE

Home of dainty food products—made the Dainty Made way.  
All foods served are home cooked. Fountain service, sandwiches, cigars  
and cigarettes—pay us a visit.

*You'll Find It Different*

1300 BROADWAY

PHONE 7-2050

**PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS**

**HARRISON BROS.**  
FLORISTS

617 CHURCH ST.

TEL. 6-5191